

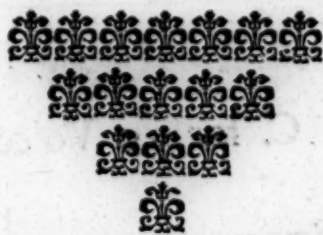
REMEDIIUM MELANCHOLIAE,
OR THE
Remedy of Melancholy.
BEING A
CHOICE COLLECTION
OF
NEW SONGS:

WITH A

Thorough-Bass for the Harpsichord, Theorbo, or Bass-Viol.

Composed by *John Wolfgang Franck.*

THE FIRST BOOK.



L O N D O N,

Printed by *J. Heptinstall*, and are to be sold by the Author, living
at *Mr. Bond's* a Barber in *Lothbury*. 1690.

A T A B L E of the S O N G S

Contained in this Book.

A <i>Mintas</i> led me to the Grove, As Am'rous <i>Corydon</i> was laid, <i>Affella</i> bright, I saw her sit,	A.	Page. 12	I. I am a lusty lively Lad,	Page 6.
		25	If any so wise is,	17
	C.	4	I wonder why Dame Nature,	8
Come, Drawer, come, Come, let us drink,		17	L. Let's laugh and be merry,	16
	D.	11	Love is a Bauble,	9
<i>Damon</i> to <i>Sylvia</i> when alone, Do you see this Cup of Liquor,		26	M. Musing on Cares of humane Fate,	20
	E.	18	My dearest Sweet lye down,	5
<i>Evadne</i> , I must tell you so, <i>Evadne</i> , I must let you know,		1	O. O ye blest Powers,	7
	F.	2	T. The Heart you left, when you took mine,	2
Fain would I love,		23	<i>Troy</i> had a breed of brave stout men,	13
	G.	24	Tush, never tell me, I'm too young,	3
Go Lover, know, it is not I,			T. Young <i>Strephon</i> and <i>Phillis</i> ,	21
He that marries a Girl,	H.	10		

E R R A T A.

In Page 9. reade the third *Stanza* thus ;

Love is a Fellow, clad all in yellow,

The Canker-worm of the mind ;

A privy mischief, and such a fly Thief,

No man knows where him to find.

27/6/31

20

A C. for 12 Voices.



Come, let us Sing, let us Spring, let us drink a good Health to our King.

M1620
F82
case



ht



E - vad-ne, I must tell you so, you are too Cru-el grown,



no smiles, nor pi-ty you be-stow; but Death but Death in e-v'ry frown,



my love, though Chast and Constant to, yet no re-lief can find, curst be the



Slave that's false to you, though you are still un-kind.



2.

Were you as merciful as fair,
My wishes wou'd obtain;
But love I must, tho' I despair,
And perish in the pain,
If in an Age I can prevail,
I happy then shall be,
And cou'd I live, I wou'd not fail,
To wait Eternally.

B

The same Song Inverted.

E - Vadne I must let you know, your Cru - el - ty is vain, for
if you will no smiles bestow, I scorn your proud disdain, and since my love, tho'
pure and true, no just re - lief can find, curst be that fool shall dote on you, when
you are still un - kind.

II.
Were you as gentle as you are Fair,
I'd strive your Love to gain,
But I can never Court Despair,
Nor cherish needless pain.
If in a Week I could prevail,
Then I might happy be,
But Love and Patience both will fail,
To wait Eternally.

THE Heart you left when you took mine, proves such a bu - fie Guest, a bu - fie



Guest , unless I do all Pow'r re - - sign, unless I do all Pow'r re - - - sign , it



will not let me rest , it will not let me rest.



II.

Is my whole Family disturbs,
Turns all my Thoughts away,
My stoutest Resolution curbs,
Makes Judgment to obey:
If Reason interpose her pow'r,
Alas ! so weak she is,
She's check'd with one small soft Amour,
And conquer'd with a Kiss.



T Ush never tell me I'm too young for lo - ving, or too green, She



stays at least Ten Years too long that's Wedded at Four-teen, Lambs bring forth Lambs, &



Doves bring Doves as soon as they'r be - - got - - ten , then why shou'd La - dies



II.



lin - ger Loves, as if not ripe till rotten.



Gray Hairs are fitter for the Grave,
Then for the Bridal Bed ;
What pleasure can a Lover have
In a wither'd Maidenhead ?
Nature's exalted in our time,
And what our Grandams then
At four and twenty scarce cou'd climb
We can arrive at Ten.



A-stel-la bright I saw her sit, be-yond the Ri-ver side, her Beauties light ad



dorning it with purpling streams did glide, the sight and cry'd, make hast a - way, then



morning blushes Rose, I'd sooner try'd if known she lay, and then a smile did close.



2.
A Shepherd straight his Crook laid by,
And kindly did resort ;
No long debate he need to try,
But soon began the Sport,
'Till tyr'd with bliss, they gave it o're,
And then to Kissing fall;
She sigh'd at this, and crav'd for more,
Still, still for more did call.

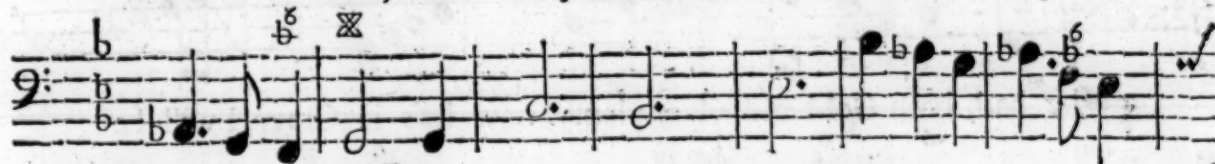
3.
Not satisfied, till loves sweet stream
Was quite exhausted, then
Fore'd to divide from loves sweet dream
But soon they meet again ;
And with fresh Joys renew the bliss,
Whilst pleasing shades are spread ;
So love decoys with happiness,
To win a Maidenhead.



MY dearest sweet lye down by----- me with thine en---- a ---- mel'd



Cheek to----- mine, while I my Soul breath in--to thee, and ev'ry kiss



re- turns me thine, our Bodies we'll in plea-sures lull and active dal - li - ances prove, for



why ? thy Face is not more full of Beauty, than I am — of Love.



II.

My willing Arms and Thighs shall clip,
And Ivy-like thy Limbs entwine,
When from thy Balsam Mouth I'll sip
A sure restoring Medicine.
And in the respits of our sport,
Thou shalt be Pearl, they Diamond Eye,
'Cause Nature made her sweet so short,
And shame me to a fresh supply.

III.

My busie Hand and Lips shall rove
O're all the sweets thy Beauties were,
And in thy Honey-suckle Grove
I'll distil what I gather'd there.

They bold and thy provoking touch,
Shall Loves Alembick so apply,
And shew, thy Chymick skill is such,
That I must melt in Love and dye.

IV.

And being thus bereft of breath,
Lovers still at my Tomb appear,
Wishing themselves no worse a Death,
Nor better Life than I had here :
Ladies shall sighing drop a tear,
As with pure love and pity mov'd,
'That such a constant Servant here
Should dye because he over-lov'd.

The Prodigal's Resolution.

The musical score is written for a single voice in G major, 4/4 time. It consists of six staves of music. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words appearing above the notes. The score includes various musical notations such as treble and bass clefs, key signatures, time signatures, and various note values (quarter, eighth, sixteenth notes). There are also some decorative flourishes and repeat signs.

I am a lu- sty lively Lad, ar - riv'd at one and twenty, my Father left me

all he had, both Gold and Silver plenty, now he's in Grave, I will be

brave the La - dies shall a - dore me, I'll court and kiss, what hurt's in this, my

Dad did so before me, I'll court and kiss, what hurt's in this, my Dad did so before me.

II.

My Father to get my Estate,
 Though selfish, yet was slavish;
 I'll spend it another rate,
 And be as lewdly lavish.
 From Madmen, Fools and Knaves he did
 Litigiously receive it;
 If so he did, Justice forbid
 But I to such should leave it.

III.

Then I'll to Court, where *Venus* sport
 Doth revel it in plenty;
 And deal with all, both great and small,
 From twelve to five and twenty.
 In Playhouses I'll spend my Days,
 For there are store of Milles;
 Ladies make room, behold I come,
 To purchase many Kisses.

O Ye blest Pow'r's pro-pitious be un-to my growing Love, none can cre-

ate my Mi-se-ry, if Cloe but con-stant prove, tell her, if that she pity-----

me, from her you'll ne'er re-move, from her you'll ne'er re-move.

II.

Each breeze of Air my Groans shall bear
 Unto her gentle Breast;
 Silently whisp'ring in her Ear,
 I never can be blest,
 If she refuse to be my Dear,
 I never can have rest.

III.

Ye Groves, that hear each day my grief,
 Bear witness of my pain;
 Tell her, I dye, if no relief
 I from her pow'r can gain.

Tell her, ah tell that pretty Thief,
 I dye through her disdain.

IV.

Likely she may with piteous Eyes,
 When dead, my Hearse survey;
 And when my Soul 'mongst Deities
 Doth melt in sweets away;
 Then may she curse those Victories,
 That did my Heart betray.



I wonder why Dame Nature thus her various Gifts dispenses; she



ev'ry Creature else but us with Arms or Armour fences: the Bull with



bended Horns she arms, with Hoofs she guards the Horse, the Hare can



nimbly run from harms, all know the Lyons force.



II.

The Bird can danger fly on's Wing,
The Fish with Fins adorns;
The Cuckold too that harmless thing,
His patience guards and's Horns:
And Men she valiant makes and wife,
To shun or baffle harms;
But to poor Women she denies
Armour to give, or Arms.

III.

Instead of all, she this does doe,
Our Beauty she bestows,
Which serves for Arms and Armour too,
'Gainst all our pow'rfull Foes.
And 'tis no matter, so she doth,
Still beauteous Faces yield,
We'll conquer Sword and Fire, for both
To Beauty leave the Field.



Love is --a Bau--ble' no Man is able to say, it is this, or 'tis that,



an --idle pa--ssion of such a fashion, 'tis like I cannot tell what, an idle



passi---on of such a Fashion, 'tis like I cannot tell what, --what,



what, 'tis like I ---cannot tell what.



II.

Fair in the Cradle, foul in the Saddle;
Always too cold or too hot;
An errant Lyar, fed by desire,
It is, and it is not.

III.

A privy mischief, and such a fly Thief,
No man knows where him to find.

Love is a Fellow, clad all in yellow,
The Canker-worm of the Mind;

IV.

Love is a wonder, 'tis here, 'tis yonder,
'Tis common to all men we know,
A very cheater, ev'ry one's beater,
Then hang him and let him go.

D

HE that marries—a Girl, ---a Girl that's fair, if he be a Cuckold a

6 76 6 b

Cuc, Cuc, Cuc, Cuc, Cuc, -Cuckold, a Cuck, Cuck, Cuck, Cuck, Cuckold, he

needs not despair ——— he needs not despair, ——— He may go to Heaven

without a Prayer, for the Sins of his Wife shall save him, shall

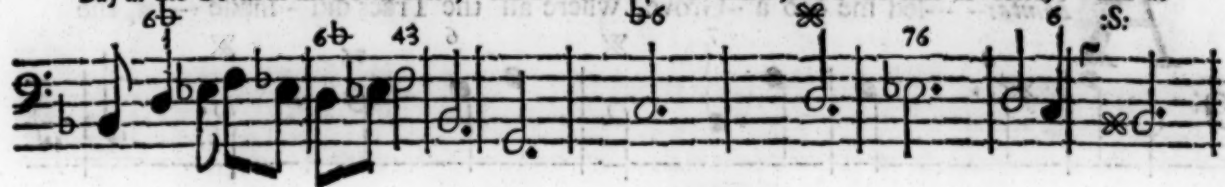
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marres an ug—ly Whore, runs ev'ry ev'ry day in the Devils Score, run ev'ry ev'ry

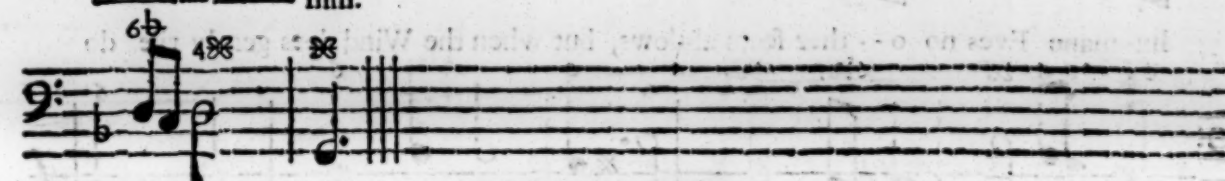
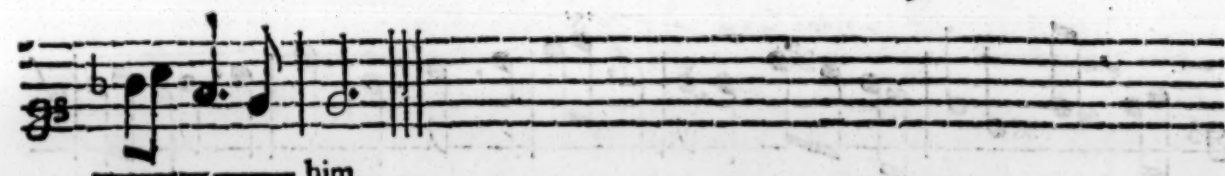
(II)



Day in the Devils in the Devils score, --has a--- Hell up---on Earth, and a--no-ther in Store, ---and at



length, and at length the Devil will have



CATCH.



Come let us drink, let us love, while we have a -- ny breath, there's nei--ther



drinking, nor pleasure, nor love af-ter death: Ev'--ry one take a full Glas of good



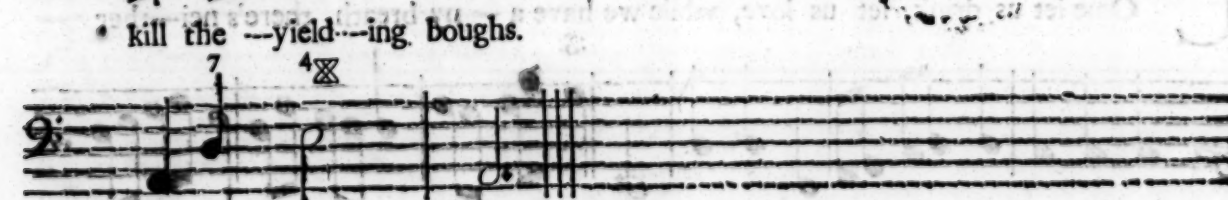
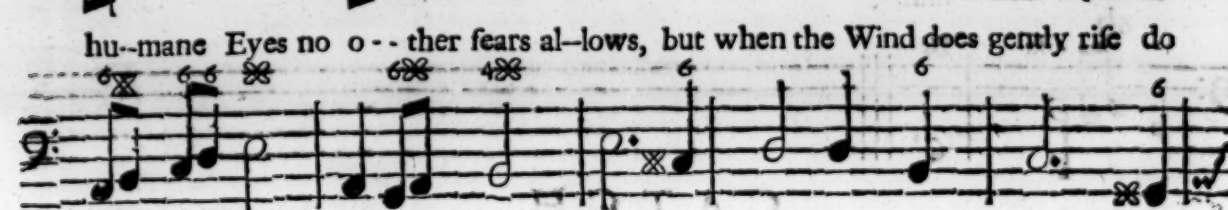
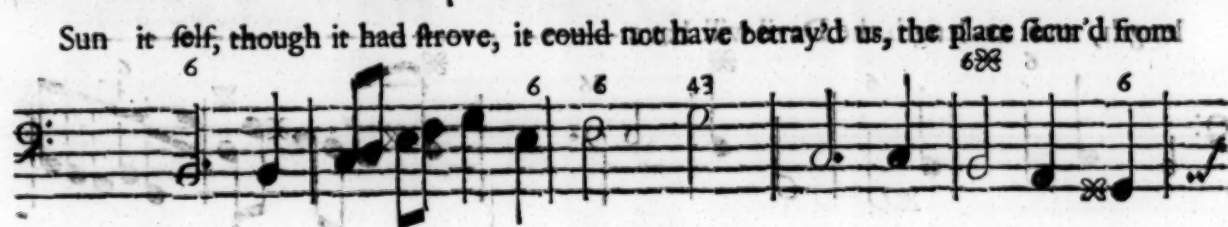
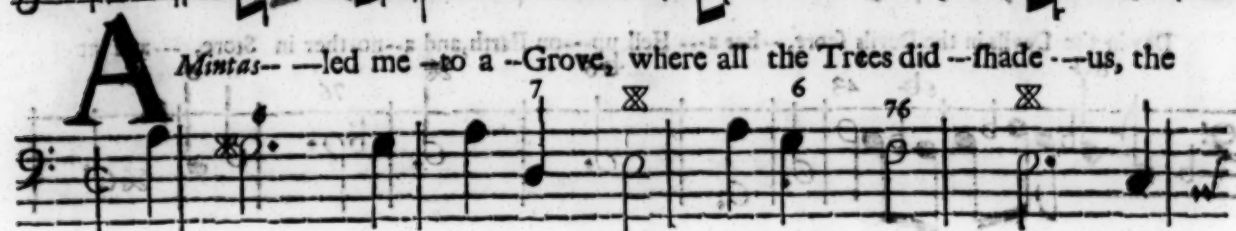
Wine in his hand, and all to--gether dis-charge at the word of Command.



Beau--ty and Wine does the stoutest and greatest in--spire, here, -- here is their



Majesties health, now brave Boys come give Fire.



II.

Down there we sate upon the Moss,
And did begin to play
A thousand wanton tricks, to pass
the great heat of the Day:
A many Kisses he did give,
And I receiv'd the same;
Which made me willing to believe
That what I dare not name.

III.

His charming Eyes no aid requir'd,
To tell their am'rous Tale
On her, that was already fir'd,
'Twas easie to prevail:
He did but kiss, and clasp'd me round,
Whilst those his thoughts exprest,
And laid me softly on the ground,
O who can guess the rest.



T Roy had a breed of brave stout Men, of brave stout Men, a breed of brave stout
Though Hector was a Trojan true, a Trojan true, Hector was -- a Tro -- jan



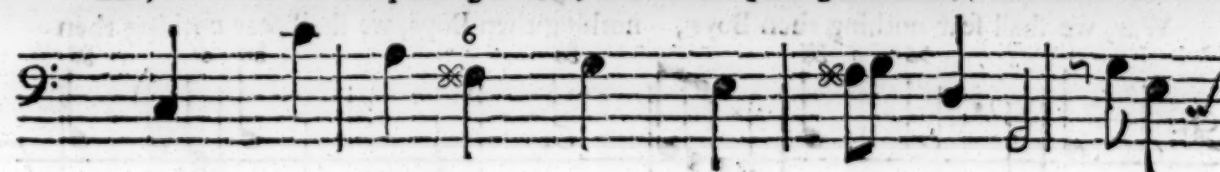
Troy had a breed of brave stout Men, of brave stout Men, a breed of brave
Though Hector was a Trojan true, a Trojan true, Hector was a -- Tro -- jan



Men, yet Greece made shift, yet Greece made shift, yet Greece made shift to rout her, 'cause each Man drank as
true, as e -- ver pifs'd 'gen Wall, as ever pifs'd -- 'gen Wall, 'gen wall Sir, A - chil - les bang'd him



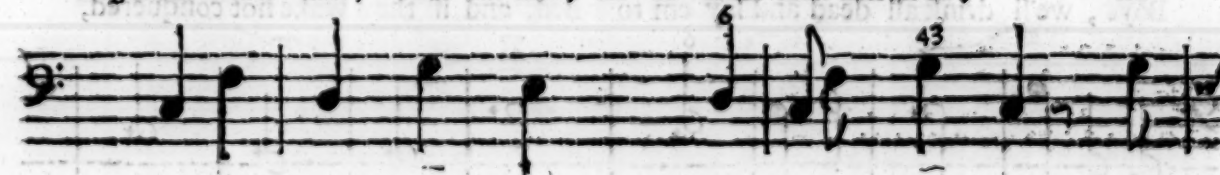
stout Men, -- yet Greece made shift, yet Greece made shift, made shift to rout her, -- 'cause each man
true, as e - ver pifs'd 'gen Wall, as e -- ver pifs'd 'gen Wall Sir, A - chil - les



much as ten, as much as ten, and thence, and thence grew ten times stouter, and thence, and
black and blue, black and blue, for he drank more, drank more than all Sir, for he drank



drank as much as ten, as much as ten, and thence grew ten times stouter, and
bang'd him black & blue, black and blue, for he drank more than all Sir, and
for





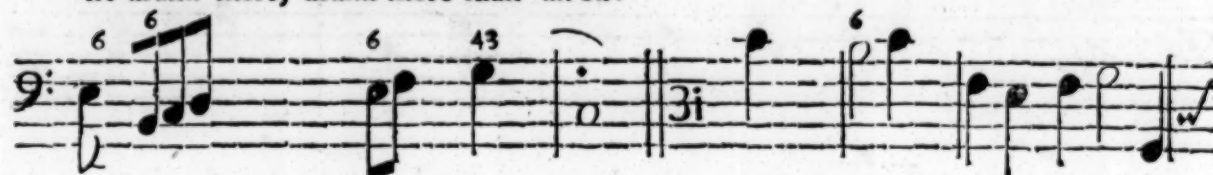
thence grew ten times stout — — — ter.
more, drank more than all — — — Sir.

Let *Bacchus* be our God of



thence, and thence grew ten times stouter.
he drank more, drank more than all Sir.

Let *Bacchus* be our God of



War, we shall fear nothing then Boys, nothing then Boys, we shall fear nothing then



War, we shall fear nothing then Boys, nothing then Boys, we shall fear nothing then

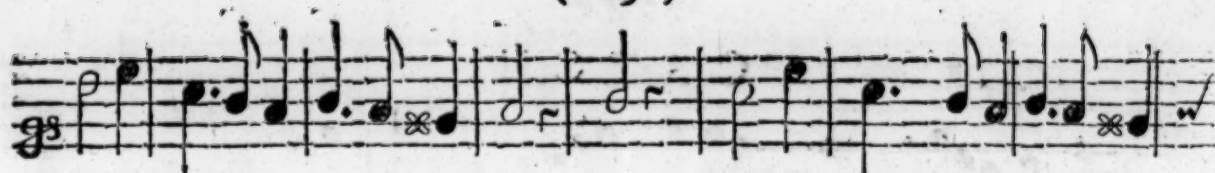


Boys, we'll drink all dead and lay 'em to Bed, and if they wake not conquered,



Boys, we'll drink all dead and lay 'em to Bed, and if they wake not conquered,





we'll drink 'em dead again Boys, Boys, Boys we'll drink 'em — dead again



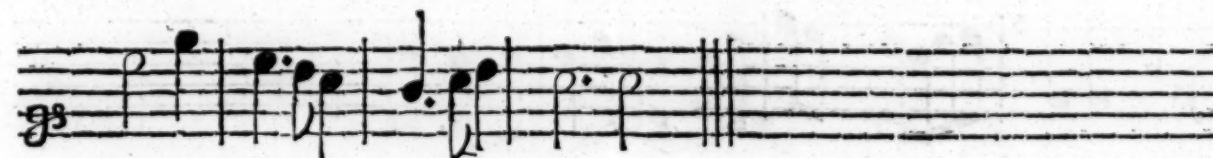
we'll drink 'em dead again Boys, Boys, Boys we'll drink 'em — dead again



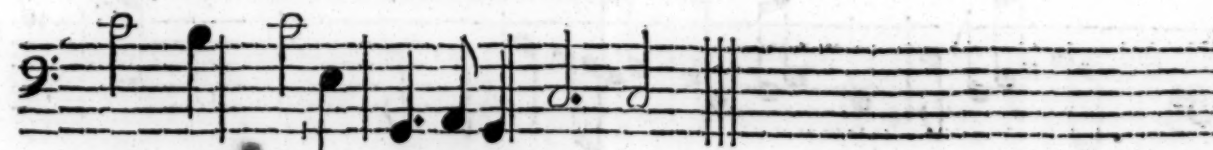
Boys, and if they wake not conquered, we'll drink 'em dead again Boys, Boys,



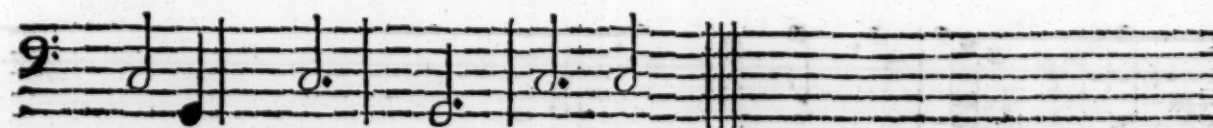
Boys, and if they wake not conquered, we'll drink 'em dead again Boys, Boys,



Boys, we'll drink 'em dead again Boys.



Boys, we'll drink 'em dead again Boys.



III.

Nor were the *Gracians* onely fam'd
For drinking and for fighting;
But he that drank and wan't asham'd,
Was ne'er asham'd on's Writing.

IV.

He that will be a Souldier then,
Or Wit, must drink good Liquor;

It makes base Cowards fight like Men,
And roving thoughts fly quicker.

Let *Bacchus* be both God of War,
And God of Wit, and then Boys,
We'll drink and fight, and drink and write,
And if the Sun set with his light,
We'll drink him up again Boys.

C A T C H.



L Et's laugh — — — and be — — — mer — — — — — ry, dance, sing and re -



joyce, with Claret and Sherry, The - or - — — — — — bo and Voice, The -



or — — — — — bo and Voice, The chan — — — — — geable



World to our Joys are in - just, all plea - fures - in - certain, then down, then



down with your dust, then down — — — — — with your dust: In fro - lick in



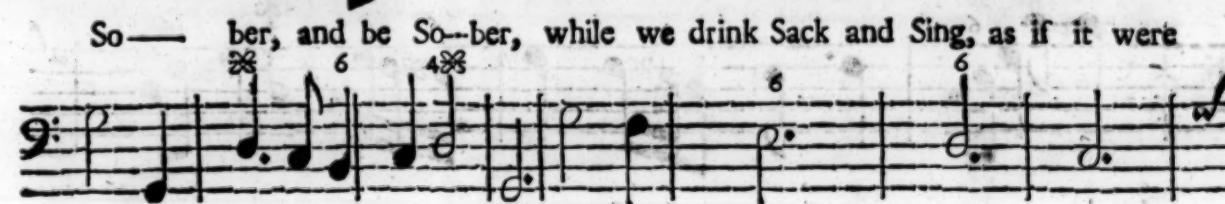
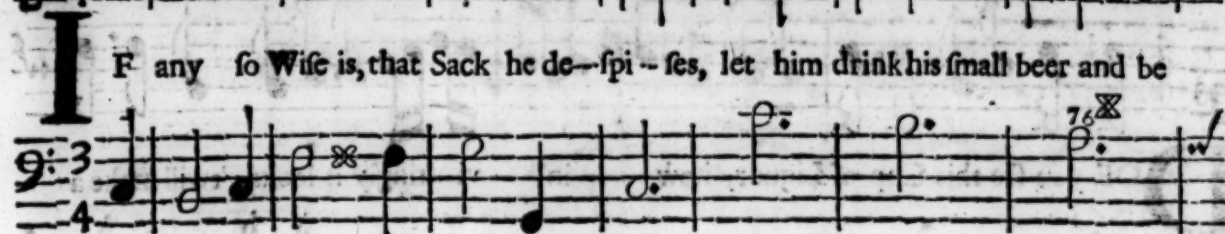
frolick dis - pose — — — your pounds, — — — — — shil - — — ings and pence, for



we shall be past, shall be past it an hundred years hence, an



hundred, an — — — hundred years hence.



So— ber, and be So—ber, while we drink Sack and Sing, as if it were

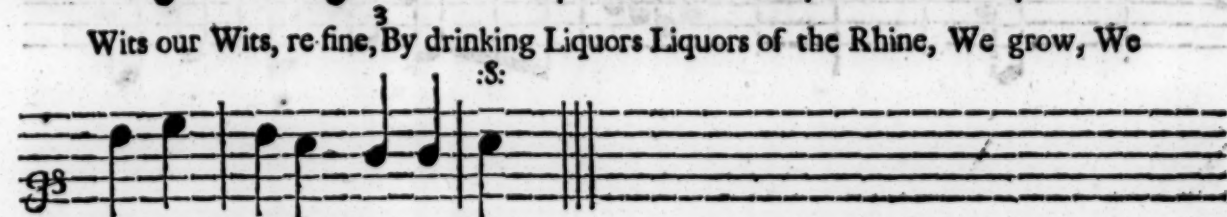
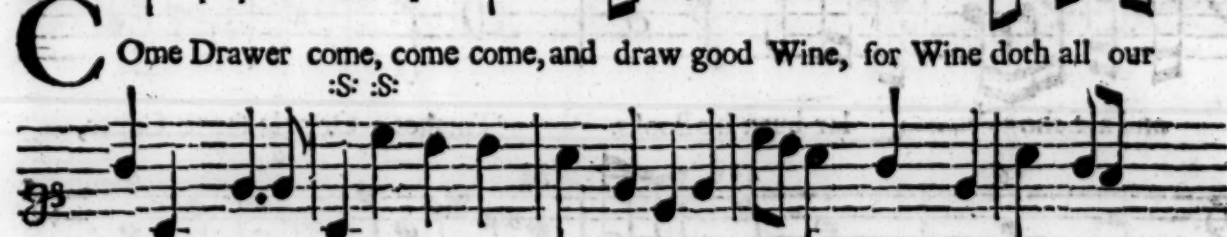
II.

III.

Be sure over night,
If this Dog do you bite,
You take it henceforth for a Warning,
Soon as out of Bed
To settle your Head,
Take an hair of his Tail in the morning.

Then be not so Silly,
To follow old Lilly,
For there's nothing but Sack that can tune us,
Let his *Ne assuescas*
Be but in his Capcase,
And Sing, *Bibito Vinum Jejunus*.

A Catch for 4. Voices.



Wits our Wits, re-fine, By drinking Liquors Liquors of the Rhine, We grow, We

grow to—gether more divine.

II.

IV.

'Tis nothing nothing, better than the shine,
Of such a clear and Sparkling Sparkling Wine.

Then drink my Boy, my Boy the Glas is thine,
I'll pledge thee when the Glas, the Glas is mine.

F

The Cavaliers Catch.



DOE you see this Cup of Liquor, how — in — vi — ting — ly it looks ; 'twill make a



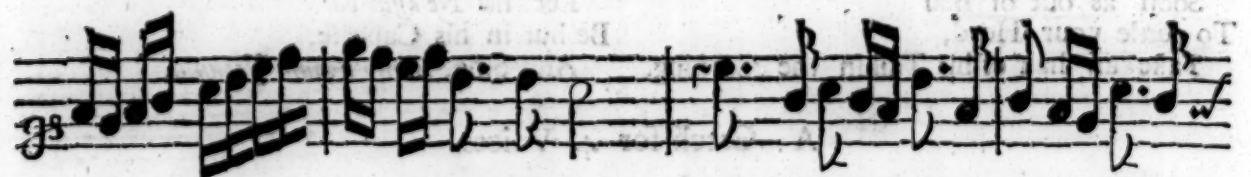
Doe you see this Cup of Liquor, how — in — vi — ting — ly it looks ; 'twill



Lawyer prat — the quicker, and a Scholar, and a Scholar, and a



make a Lawyer prat — the quicker, — and a Scholar, and a Scholar,



Scho — lar burn his Books. 'Tmakes a Cripple for to Caper, and a



and a Scho — lar burn his Books. — 'Tmakes a Cripple for to Caper,





dumb man clearly sing, and a dumb man clearly sing: 'makes a Coward draw his



and — a dumb man, and a dumb man clearly sing: 'makes a Coward, a



Rapier, draw his Rapier: Here's a Health, here's a Health to *William* our



Cow-ard draw his Rapier: Here's a Health, a Health to *William* our



King, here's a Health to *William* our King.



King, here's a Health to *William* our King.





Skies, and how — he — might — be fav'd, and how — he might be fav'd.



yond the Skies, and how — he might be — fav'd, and how he might be fav'd.



II.

Nice Vertue preach'd Religions Laws,
Paths to eternal Rest,
To fight his King, and Countries cause,
Fame counsel'd him, was best:
But Love oppos'd their noisy Tongues,
And thus their Votes outbrav'd,
Get, get a Mistress fair and young,
Love fiercely, constantly and long,
And then thou shalt be Sav'd.

III.

Swift as a thought the am'rous Swain,
To *Sylvia's* Cottage flies,
In soft expressions told her plain,
The way to Heavenly joys:
She who with piety was stor'd,
Delays no longer crav'd,
Charm'd by the God, whom they ador'd,
She smil'd and took him at his word,
And thus they both were fav'd.



Young Strephon and Phillis they fate on — a Hill, but the Shepherd was



Wanton, was Wan — — ton and would not sit still, the Shepherd was



G

Wanton and—— would not sit still, his Head on her Bosom and

b76 65 43 6

Handwritten musical notation on a single staff. The notation includes a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 3/4 time signature. The melody consists of several measures with various note values, including quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes, and rests. There are also some decorative flourishes and a small 'x' mark above the staff.

Arms round her Waist, he Hug'd her and Kiſſ'd her and Claſp'd

her — so Fast — — — he hug'd her and



II.

As the Shepherds rumbled, the rude wind got in,
And blew up her Cloathes and her Smock to her Chin:
The Shepherd he saw the bright *Venus*, he Swore,
For he knew her own Dove, by the Feathers she wore,

Till Furious Love Sallying,
At last he fell dallying,
And down down, he got him,
But oh, oh how Sweet, and how Soft at the Bottom.

The Doubtfull Lover Resolv'd.

F Ain wou'd I — Love, — but that I — fear I quick — ly shou'd the

Wil — low wear; fain wou'd — I marry — but — Men say, when

Love — is try'd, he — will — away: then tell — me — Love, what

I — shall — doe, what — I — shall doe, to cure these fears, when — ee'r I woe.

II.

The fair one, she's a mark to all,
 The Brown one each doth Lovely call,
 The Black a Pearl in fair Men's Eyes,

The rest will stoop to any Prize,
 Then tell me Love, what I shall do,
 To cure these Fears, when-ee'r I Woe.

III.

The Shepherdess blushing to think what she'd done,
 Away from the Shepherd fain, fain wou'd have run;
 Which *Strephon* perceiving the Wand'rer did seize,
 And cry'd do be angry fair Nymph if you please:

'Tis too late to be cruel,
 Thy Frowns my dear Jewel
 Now no more Stings have got 'em,
 For oh! thou'r't all kind and all soft at the bottom.

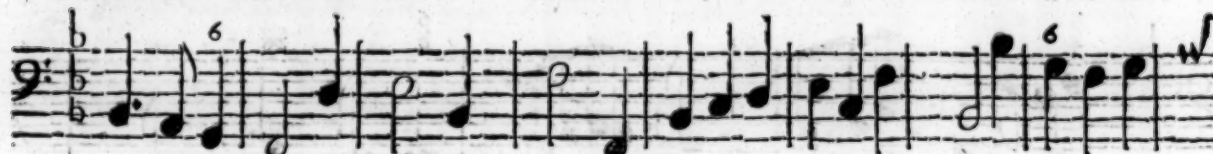
REPLY.



G O Lo—ver, know, it — is not — I that wound with fear or —



jealou—sie, with fear or — jealou — sie; — nor do Men



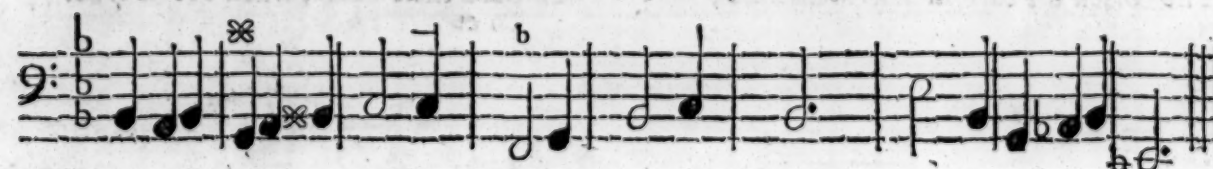
feel those grie—vous Smarts, un—till they have, con — fin'd their

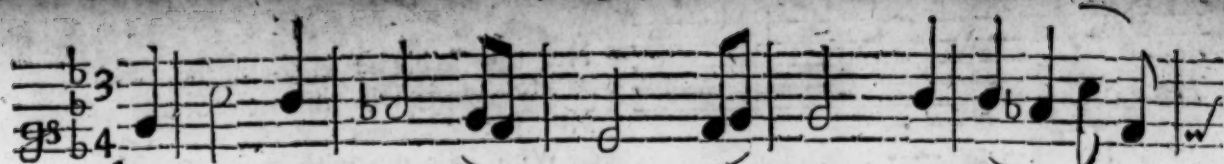


Hearts, then if you'll cure your fears you shall Love neither fair, Love neither

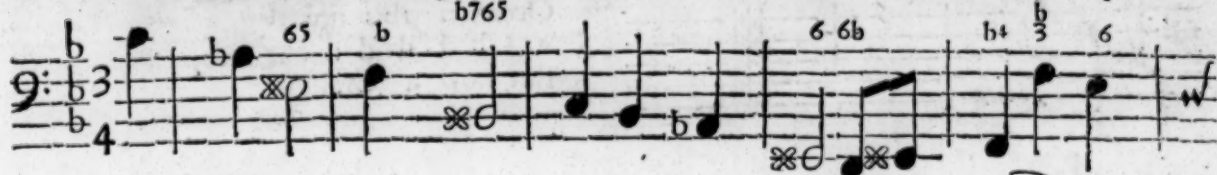


Black, Love neither Brown, Love neither Fair, Black, Brown, but all, but all, but all.





A S - Am'rous - - Cory - - don - - was laid, - - i'th sha - - dy



Myrtle - - Grove, - - thus did his words his sighs - - up - - braid, for



tel - - ling - - of - - his - - Love: - - ah Trayterous Rebels - - with - - out



Sence - - of - - what - - her scorn - - can doe; 'tis I must dye - - for



your - - of - - fence - - and be thought guilty - - too, - - and



be thought guil - - ty - - too, - - and be - - thought



guil--- ty ---- too.

II.
Nor can I blame ill Fate for this
My wretched hopeless State;
Nor yet *Phileas's* Cruelties,
Who kills me with her Hate:
But your audacious Villanies
Occasion this my Fall;
Else I had dy'd a Sacrifice,
But now a Criminal.

D *Amon* to Syl---vi---a --- when a --- lone, did thus ex --- press his -Love,

Fair Nymph, I must a Pas --- sion own, which else would fa --- tal

Prove, can you a Faithfull Shep --- herd see, --- who Lan --- guish --- es --- in Pain,

and yet so cruel --- hear --- ted be --- to let him Sue --- in --- vain, to let --- him

Sue in --- vain, --- in vain, in --- vain, --- to let --- him Sue --- in --- vain?

II.
Then with his Eyes all full of Fire,
And winning Phrases, he
Intreated her, to ease desire,
And grant some remedy;
Allur'd with *Amon's* Looks the Maid
Fearing he might Prevail,
Begg'd that he would no more Perswade
A Virgin that was Frail.

III.
Fear not, dear Nymph, Replies the Swain,
There's none can know our Bliss;
None can relate our Loves again,
While this place silent is,
Then *Damon* with a lov'd Surprise,
Leapt close into her Arms,
With Ravishing delights he Dyes,
And melts with Thousand Charms.

FINIS.